

## THE CUCKOO CLOCK

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND

NO one, not even his wife, could deny with truth that Mr. Bates was the meekest of men. All his married life he had submitted to the superiority of his wife, and when his daughters grew up, to theirs also—a superiority which he invariably acknowledged. The daughters were quite grown up now; in fact, their childhood had been left behind them these many years. unless one did not count Theodosia. Her birthdays, indeed, numbered twenty-seven, but no one would have imagined it. Her hair was golden, and, unlike her sisters', it rippled and waved all over her head, and her blue eyes had a wide, childlike expression which none of her mother's lessons, lectures, club meetings, or philanthropical schemes had succeeded in eradicating.

Miriam and Sophia, on the contrary, looked their age, which was—well, no matter what. They looked like their mother,



"YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR SOPHIA, QUITE RIGHT—AS YOU ALWAYS ARE."

too, which was another point not altogether in their favor. Mrs. Bates had what might be termed a strong face. She had frequently been told that she resembled the portraits of George Eliot, therefore she arranged her hair in the same fashion, and as she was a woman of clubs and ambitions, her friends spoke of her as being intellectual.

They always added, "Strange how superior a woman so often is in that respect to her husband!" It was quite true that no one, even with the best intentions in the world, could accuse Mr. Bates of being intellectual, but he was honest and kind and unselfish, which perhaps are more important qualities in a husband than intellect, and his conduct was such that he drew with unfailing regularity a good salary from the bank by which he was employed—a salary which Mrs. Bates saved or spent, as she felt inclined.

She had saved a good deal upon the girls' education, for she had been a teacher herself in those far-away days when she captured the too susceptible heart of Samuel Bates, and she had been able to turn her profession to account in educating her daughters. Courses of lectures, too, were available now at a low price, and an impecunious French or German teacher could be had for a song. Mrs. Bates knew when to spend and when to save, and a trip abroad had been indulged in, under the most economical regulations, indeed, and with Mr. Bates left at home in a boarding-house at summer rates; but still the girls had "crossed," had peered at cathedral spires, had stared at ruined castles, and had studied the dimensions of Westminster and St. Peter's. Then they came home again, opened the house, and receiving their only male relative into their midst once more, began seriously their life's work.

Matrimony did not enter at all into the calculations of Mrs. Bates for her daughters, nor did it occur to Miriam and Sophia, which perhaps was fortunate. Theodosia was another matter. What her hopes and aspirations were did not transpire, for she had learned early in life to be silent upon occasion; and yet there were some who said that Dosia was not as clever as her sisters.

Mr. Bates, too, had acquired the habit of silence, and no one, not even his favorite daughter, much less the wife of his bosom, suspected that for years he

had cherished an ambition which he fully intended some day to gratify. In fact, he had been saving privately towards this very object. Many a wet morning (he was expected to walk on the clear days) he had turned up his trousers, and, raising his umbrella, had tramped manfully to his place of business rather than pay his fare in the car which passed his door. Many a time, while the family were abroad, perhaps, or away in the summer, he had denied himself some seeming necessity, and appropriated the money to the slowly growing fund.

For Mrs. Bates controlled the family cash-box as well as the books, and he was only too confident that she would never permit the extravagance which her husband contemplated. He wondered sometimes how he would be able to account for its possession when the desired bauble became his. He hoped that an inspiration would come to him, however. Perhaps, honest though he was, he might be able to make Mrs. Bates believe that a friend at the bank had given it to him. Strange how a mad desire makes deceivers of us all! Perhaps, he said to himself more than once, the voice of the bird would inspire him with an explanation.

The object of Mr. Bates's dream was no less than a cuckoo clock. That and that only did he wish to possess. Years ago, upon seeing one in the house of a friend, he had remarked to his wife that it would be well for them to have one. They were about to purchase a timepiece themselves, and it seemed a rare chance for him to gratify his longing; but Mrs. Bates's reply smacked of a finality which would admit of no argument.

"A cuckoo clock!" said she. "My dear Samuel, what are you thinking of? To have a wretched little bird pop out every fifteen or thirty minutes and shriek 'cuckoo!' at you in that imbecile way! Such an interruption would interfere seriously with any intellectual pursuits. The girls have difficulty enough now in mastering some of their studies, and what would become of them with a cuckoo clock in the room?"

"But need it be placed in the room where they study?" ventured Mr. Bates, in a tone of mild expostulation. "Could it not—"

"I believe, Samuel, that we are buying a clock for the library. At least, that is my impression. If I am mistaken, pray say so."

"No, no!" exclaimed Mr. Bates, hurriedly. "You are quite right, my dear Sophia; quite right, as you always are."

"Then I fail to see the worth of your last remark. The clock is for the library; the girls pursue their studies in the library; therefore a cuckoo clock is out of the question. Pray say no more about it."

And Mr. Bates said no more. But no one, not even Mrs. Bates, could control his thoughts.

Ten years had elapsed since then, however, and the cuckoo clock was not yet his. A sensible moon-faced clock, with a silent tick and no striking powers worth speaking of, had marked the flight of time on the library mantel-piece, while the girls studied and read, and their mother cast up her accounts and calculated the family expenses to a nicety, or arranged for her club meetings and made plans for civic improvement.

Miriam and Sophia accepted the situation meekly; they asked for nothing more thrilling than lectures and art exhibitions. But Theodosia's spirit of rebellion was gathering force from long suppression, and, oddly enough, it came to the surface with her and her father on the same day. Mr. Bates determined to buy and bring home the cuckoo clock on the same morning that his door-bell was rung by a nice-looking, well-dressed young man, who, upon learning that Mr. Bates was not in, but that Mrs. Bates was at home, sent up to her a card bearing the name of Mr. Robert Roland Bates.

It was a small thin card, shaped and engraved in the proper style, and there was nothing to betoken that all was not as it should be, but—who was he? Not one of them had ever heard before of Mr. Robert Roland Bates. And the worst of it was that Mrs. Samuel Bates, in an ancient wrapper, was superintending the dress-maker who had been engaged by the day to sew for Miriam and Sophia. Intellectual pursuits were neglected for more practical necessities, and in this case time was money. It would not do to waste it. Then, too, Mrs. Bates's hair had not yet been arranged for the public eye, and to do it was a work of time. Miriam and Sophia were both being fitted. Only Theodosia was at liberty and suitably dressed.

"It is unfortunate," sighed Mrs. Bates, "and I wish it could be avoided. Theodosia, you are such a child! Pray be

careful! If it is a book-agent—they say that persons of that sort sometimes send up visiting-cards—don't fail to count the spoons on the little tea table before he leaves the house. Bates—Robert Roland Bates—the same name as our own. I don't see who he can be."

Theodosia, after a hasty glance in the mirror and a surreptitious rumpling of the curly hair which her mother tried in vain to keep smooth, opened her blue eyes more widely than ever, and descended the stairs. She found Mr. Robert Roland Bates standing in the centre of the room. He did not appear to be thinking of the spoons, which were in a distant corner, but was engaged in examining the contents of his large leather pocket-book. He looked up as Theodosia entered, and started slightly upon seeing her.

"Mrs. Bates?" he said, in a questioning tone, which expressed surprise as well.

"Oh no, not *Mrs.* Bates! I am Miss Bates, and not that either, for there are Miriam and Sophia, older than I. I am Theodosia."

She gave him one glance from the childlike blue eyes, and then cast them down demurely. The visitor decided that she was about seventeen, and charming. He must say something, however. It was obvious that she was waiting for him to explain his errand.

"I—I am looking up the family," said he, and his manner had a frank heartiness that was attractive. "You noticed, no doubt, that my name is Bates. We may be cousins, for aught I know. I hope we are."

Another glance from the childlike eyes.

"Won't you sit down?" said their possessor. "Suppose we talk it over."

"Charmed to, I am sure."

The parlor was stiffly furnished with three chairs in a row at either end, at equal distance from the marble mantel-piece that faced the door. Theodosia seated herself upon the sofa near the window, and Mr. Bates broke the line of chairs at that end and turned one around. Then he too sat down.

He was a good-looking man of about thirty, Theodosia imagined, though she had scarcely seemed to look at him. He was neither very dark nor very light; his nose was somewhat large, but of a good shape, and his face was smooth-shaven.

"I am looking up the family," he said again. "I have always been interested

in genealogy, and though our name is not an uncommon one, I believe it can be traced to a very good ancestor—one worth owning, don't you know. I live in Seattle myself. I was obliged to come East on business, and it occurred to me that it would be interesting and worth while to call upon your father and see if we were distantly related. Can you tell me when he would be most apt to be at home?"

"Father always comes home at five. He would be glad to see you, I think. I don't know much about the family myself. Perhaps my mother does, but she is very much engaged at present. If you could wait—"

"Of course I can wait. I ought to leave here this afternoon, so perhaps it would be as well to see your mother, if it would not inconvenience her too much. In the mean time you might be interested in looking over these papers that I have collected. Your father's name is Samuel, I believe. My great-grandfather was Samuel also, and the name is used for many generations back. It struck me as a coincidence, and perhaps we shall find that we are related, and not very distantly."

He moved to the seat next to her on the sofa, and together they looked over the sheets of legal cap and the parchment on which was engraved a family tree. It was a most interesting pursuit, Theodosia thought. She quite forgot that she had said she would summon her mother, and her new-found cousin did not remind her to do so.

In the mean time, in a room above-stairs, Miriam and Sophia stood before the mirror while Mrs. Bates and Miss Ruggles, the dressmaker, snipped and basted and twitched and pinned, first one figure and then the other. It was an absorbing occupation, and some fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed before it occurred to Mrs. Bates to wonder what had become of Theodosia.

"Why, girls, where is she?" exclaimed their mother, speaking as distinctly as is possible when one's mouth is full of pins. "I certainly cannot go down dressed as I am, and yet this should be investigated. This person may be anything, and I don't remember hearing the front door close, so he is doubtless there still. Miriam, slip on something and go listen over the banisters. It is most inconsiderate of Theodosia on such a busy day as this."

Miriam rose from the sewing-machine, and throwing about her shoulders a worsted cape of her mother's, left the room. Though she leaned far over the banisters and strained her ears, nothing could be heard from the parlor but the confused murmur of voices, now masculine, now feminine. Apparently the two persons who were there had much to say to each other. What could it be about?

Miriam descended the stairs half-way. They were at one end of the long narrow hall, while the parlor door opened near the other. She could see nothing from here, nor could she distinguish more plainly what was being said. She felt that it was her duty to draw nearer, and then go back to report to her mother. She crept along the hall, clutching the worsted cape about her shoulders.

"And must you really go back this afternoon?" she heard her sister say.

"I think I can manage to stay over," replied the stranger. "On the whole, it seems rather important that I should. Of course I must see your father and ask him—"

Then there was a rattling of paper, and the remainder of the speech was rendered unintelligible to the eavesdropper in the hall. She had heard enough, however. She hurried back to her mother, stumbling on the stairs as she went.

"Dosia is talking in the most extraordinary way!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room. She looked excited for once in her life, and her manner had totally lost its accustomed calm. A gentleman caller of any description was something of an excitement, owing to its extreme rarity, and this one was a stranger. "She is talking as if she knew him well, and begging him to stay longer, and he spoke of seeing father and asking him something. I could not hear much, so I hastened back to tell you, mother."

Mrs. Bates looked from one daughter to the other.

"What can it mean?" she said. "I should have gone myself. Theodosia is nothing but a child. I will arrange my hair now and hurry down. In the mean time, Miriam, it would be as well to return to your post of observation."

"And I will accompany her," said Sophia, who, when she spoke at all, used the lengthiest words in her vocabulary. "It may chance that Miriam will need assistance that I might render."

No one stopped to ask the nature of the assistance that she intended to offer, but all three hurriedly put on their gowns. Before long the daughters had descended to the hall below, Mrs. Bates, with her hair arranged in an incredibly short time, was on the stairs, and Miss Ruggles, who had no intention of being left out, was creeping softly towards the banisters, when a man's voice was heard at the parlor door.

It was such a loud and hearty voice that the four women instinctively drew back. The only man of the household spoke in mild, almost timid, tones, and although Mrs. Bates's voice was deep for that of a woman, it was totally unlike this.

"I'm awfully glad you were at home and able to see me," this total stranger to them all was saying. "I hope I shall see your mother and the other girls this evening, as well as your father. What a jolly lot you must all be! Remember me most kindly to all the family, and don't you forget me before then, will you? If the others are half as nice as you, I'm pretty lucky to have come into the family. I will arrange to stay over long enough to see a good deal of you, you may be sure. Good-morning, Miss—Dosia!"

With a perceptible pause between the title and the name, he laughed and turned away, and in a moment he had left the house without having discovered the four shocked and astonished faces in the background. Even Miss Ruggles had forgotten her first caution, and had reached the stairs, unnoticed by Mrs. Bates.

"Theodosia, who was that person?" demanded the mother, pushing past Miriam and Sophia and advancing into the parlor.

Theodosia was laughing softly to herself in front of the mirror over the mantel-piece, but she turned hurriedly towards the door as her mother entered. Her face was somewhat flushed, and her voice rang with animation as she replied:

"A cousin of our own, mother. He came to look up his relatives. Isn't it nice? He is very agreeable, quite one of the nicest men I ever knew."

The men she knew could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

"Your cousin?" repeated Mrs. Bates. "What nonsense, Theodosia! You have no cousins by the name of Bates. Your father was an only son, and so was his

father, and also, I think, his grandfather. Your common-sense should have told you it was impossible. The man is an impostor. Have you counted the teaspoons?"

"Mother, what an idea! He is an awfully nice fellow."

"'Awfully'—'fellow'! It is unlike one of my daughters to make use of such language. What have you been talking about all this time, Theodosia?"

"A great many interesting things. He is delightful, mother. He knows about music and pictures, and so much about the theatre. How I wish I could go to the theatre sometimes! He has been everywhere, and he is charming."

"Where does he come from?" she demanded.

"From the West—Seattle. Such a charming place it must be! The West must be simply fascinating! He is so good-looking, too!"

"Theodosia!" exclaimed with one accord her mother and her two sisters.

"Well, he is. If you had seen him you would say so yourselves."

"And what did he mean when he said that he would see us all this evening?" asked Miriam.

"Oh yes!" replied Theodosia, with an attempt at unconcern. Inwardly she was trembling with apprehension. "He is staying over on purpose. He had intended going away this afternoon."

"Theodosia!" said they all again.

"Well, he is," said Theodosia. She cast down her eyes, but do what she might, she could not prevent a gratified smile from playing about the corners of her mouth. She was frightened at her own temerity, but elated with her success with the visitor.

There was silence in the room while the three stood in a row before the culprit and gazed at her disapprovingly.

"I do not hesitate to say that I am surprised and grieved," said Mrs. Bates at last. "I am quite sure that neither Miriam nor Sophia would have conducted herself as you have done. If either of them had been the one to interview this Western person, I feel confident that he would not have ventured to return this evening."

"I don't believe he would," rejoined Theodosia, with a conscious little laugh.

"I thought so," said her mother. "Your own words condemn you. I fancied that I had brought up my daughters

in the most exemplary manner. You are twenty-seven—"

"He thought I was only seventeen until I told him!" broke in the incorrigible Dosia.

"You told him your age!" cried the trio, now perfectly aghast.

"Yes, but not your ages," said she. "You needn't be alarmed. As I say, he thought I was only seventeen. I let him think so for a time, and it was such fun! But it didn't seem quite honest, so I told him, and he was so surprised. He is very nice. But are we going to stay here all day, mother? Doesn't Miss Ruggles need us?"

"You have already wasted an hour and a half at least of Miss Ruggles's time, Theodosia. I cannot begin to express my feelings. But in the mean time—yes, I suppose we had better go up stairs."

And Miss Ruggles, who had been an appreciative listener to the conversation, had barely time to get back to her work before they came out of the parlor, and so absorbed was Mrs. Bates in her own thoughts that she did not notice that the little dressmaker, in her agitation, was actually basting with sewing-silk.

All of that day Theodosia was in disgrace. She did not mind this at first, for she was preoccupied with thoughts of the evening call; but later in the day she discovered, to her dismay, that her mother had no intention of receiving Mr. Robert Roland Bates if he came.

"Not that I think he will dare to come," said she. "I am perfectly confident that he is an impostor and has stolen something. If not spoons, then something else. We may not discover the loss for years. It is frequently the case. But if he does come he shall not be admitted. I shall give orders after dinner to that effect. I shall wait until then, for the maids are so stupid that they would be sure to forget if I were to tell them earlier."

Theodosia was in despair. Her mother's word was always law, and it was unalterable, as she knew from long experience. If it had not been for an unexpected circumstance which totally changed the course of events that evening, she probably would never again have seen her new-found cousin. But, as has often been said, it is always the unforeseen that happens. Who ever would

have supposed that because all his life Mr. Bates had longed for a cuckoo clock, his youngest daughter would—but this is anticipating.

Five o'clock, as Theodosia had said to Mr. Bates of Seattle that morning, was the hour at which her father was always to be expected at home, but on this eventful day, destined ever to be remembered by the Bates family, it was long past the hour when he hurriedly mounted the steps, and fitting his latch-key into the door as silently as possible, he entered and closed it behind him without a sound. One would almost have said that Mr. Bates's mode of entrance was stealthy, except that it was his own house and his own door, and he had a perfect right to go in or out as he pleased.

Be that as it may, he walked, or rather crept, along the hall, set down with great care the large package which he had carried under his arm, while he removed his hat and overcoat; then picking it up again, he disappeared within a door that opened upon the back part of the hall.

"There," said he to himself, with a sigh of relief. "I thought I was right. The house is very quiet. It is their day for the 'Women's Society for the Improvement of Alleys and Back Streets.' I thought they would all be out. It isn't that I don't want my wife to see the clock—oh no. Sophia must be told, but all in good time. I think if I can only get it up in position, and wound and set and going, she will realize that the deed is irrevocable; that I have bought the clock, and stay it must. There will be no exchanging it for something else. That was my very reason for buying it of the Cuckoo Clock Company. They have nothing but cuckoo clocks, therefore nothing else can be had in exchange for it. I know Sophia's ways."

He had removed the cord and wrappings, and now gazed lovingly at the treasure so long desired. There was no doubt that he had chosen the best of its kind. The case of the clock was of carved oak, surmounted by an eagle, which seemed to be watching, like the bird of prey that it was, over the little door out of which the cuckoo would appear. It was altogether a very handsome affair.

The room to which Mr. Bates had retired was his own especial sanctum. It was very small and somewhat dismal, its

only outlook being the brick wall that enclosed the yard. It contained a table, a few chairs, and a leather-covered lounge. But it was Mr. Bates's own, and that fact covered a multitude of shortcomings. He had been driven from the library long since by his intellectual family, and had been glad to take refuge in this little unused room at the foot of the stairs.

There were no pictures on the walls, consequently there was ample space for the cuckoo clock. He had chosen the spot for it some months ago, and had driven in the nail when Mrs. Bates and the girls were away in the summer and beyond all possibility of hearing. There was nothing to do now but attach the clock to the nail. He mounted upon a chair and did so; then he wound and set it. Every time that he moved the hands past the hour, the quarter-hour, or the half, click! went the little door, and out popped the little bird. "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" Its voice was music in the ear of Mr. Bates.

Finally the clock was set at twenty-five minutes of six. Then he stepped to the floor, wheeled up his arm-chair, and seated himself in front of it. In ten minutes it would strike again. There would be three "cuckoos" at a quarter before the hour. Those ten minutes of anticipation were of unalloyed happiness for the owner of the clock.

But the bird had scarcely disappeared after doing all that was expected of it when the front door was heard to open and shut smartly, and the rustle of feminine garments passed through the hall. Mr. Bates started to his feet. Had the moment come?

He heard his wife's voice telling the girls to come up stairs at once. "It is almost six," said she. "There will be just time for a fitting before Miss Ruggles goes. I only hope Theodosia has kept her up to the mark while we were out. It was unfortunate that we were obliged to go to the meeting."

So Dosia had been at home all the time. Had her father known it he would have called her down to share his pleasure, for he could always rely upon Dosia. He fancied that his wife's voice contained an irritable note. Something must have gone wrong; he could almost always tell. Was this an auspicious moment, then, to divulge the presence of the clock? Most assuredly not. Without stopping to

think twice, he again mounted the chair, took down the clock, and hurried with it to the closet. He hung it upon a convenient hook, then locked the door and placed the key in his pocket.

"There!" said he to himself. "If Sophia is disturbed already, I don't wish to add to it. It wouldn't be kind. The clock can stay there until to-morrow, and then I will show it to her."

He turned down the gas, and left the room to prepare for dinner, the hour for which was six o'clock. It was late to-day, however, for Mrs. Bates and her daughters were so occupied with Miss Ruggles that they were not ready to sit down until half past six. By that time the soup was scorched and the meat was overdone, which added to the irritability of temper from which the mistress of the house was already suffering. Added to this, Miss Ruggles had not accomplished as much work during the afternoon as had been expected of her.

Mr. Bates felt very glad that he had hidden the clock.

Theodosia saw that her mother had forgotten for the moment the expected advent of her Seattle cousin, and she took no pains to remind her of it. She herself had not forgotten, and she had put on the most becoming frock that she owned, and had done her hair higher than usual. If only it would not occur to her mother to give orders that he should not be admitted! But that was hoping against hope.

Dinner had been an affair of the past for half an hour before Mrs. Bates remembered. She was in the act of coming down stairs to the parlor when something brought to her mind the fact that she had given no directions in regard to visitors that evening. It would be perfectly safe to say, "Admit no one," for an evening caller was unheard-of, therefore the Seattle Bates would be the only person who would come.

On her way to the kitchen to speak to the servants she stopped at her husband's little den. When she opened the door her husband started guiltily. Instead of being seated as usual in his arm-chair and reading the evening paper, he was standing. He had the frightened aspect of one who has been caught in the act, whatever the act may be. Mrs. Bates eyed him narrowly.

"Samuel," said she, "there was a man



here this morning who pretended to be a relative of yours. I forgot to tell you at dinner. He said his name was Bates. Of course he was an impostor. Theodosia was the only one who saw him, and he told her he would return this evening. It is better to have nothing to do with such people, so I am going to tell the servants not to let him in."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Bates. "But, Sophia, he may be related to me. It is not impossible. My great-grandfather had a—"

"Samuel, I have already said that it was out of the question. Bates is a common enough name, and this man is from the far West and— Samuel, what is that?"

From behind the closed closet door came a peculiar, muffled sound. The husband and wife gazed at each other in silence. Both looked alarmed, but from different causes. Mrs. Bates was afraid of the noise, Mr. Bates of his wife. Eight times was this sound repeated, and then it ceased. For some minutes they stood in silence, but Mrs. Bates was the first to recover her self-possession. She walked to the closet and grasped the handle of the door, but it refused to open.

"The closet is locked," said she, rattling the knob impatiently. "Where is the key?"

"Locked?" repeated Mr. Bates, vaguely; "locked? Are you—are you quite sure?"

His wife turned and looked at him. Her large features seemed even more massive than usual, her eyes gleamed with offended dignity.

"Samuel," said she, "you are hiding something from me. There is something in that closet that you do not wish me to see."

As she spoke the front-door bell rang, but she paid no heed. Engrossed with this new and astounding state of affairs, she forgot for the moment the young man from the West.

"Samuel, that was a very strange noise. If you are afraid to investigate it, I will. Do you know what it was?"

"There have been rats in the wall," said he, limply.

"Rats! That was no rat. It sounded altogether too much like one of my particular abominations—a cuckoo clock. Samuel, if you have so little regard for my feelings that you have bought one of those horrors—"

Suddenly Mr. Bates regained his com-

posure. He thrust his hand into his pocket and produced the closet key.

"Sophia," said he, with a dignity that impressed her, "I have gratified a desire that I have had for years. I did not tell you at first, for I thought you appeared worried about other things this evening, and it would be advisable to wait until the morning; but as you have found it out, there is no necessity for any further secrecy." He then unlocked the door. "As you see, I have bought a cuckoo clock."

He brought it out, and pushing the chair again beneath the nail, he mounted, and hung the clock once more upon the wall.

"I have saved the money at odd times with which to buy it," continued he. "Therefore you and the girls will not suffer in consequence. As you are seldom in this room, it surely will not disturb you."

In arranging the clock he inadvertently touched a spring. Click! went the little door, and out popped the little bird. "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" it sang, and it seemed to Mrs. Bates that its song was one of triumph.

And while she stood beneath the clock, gazing first at it and then at her husband, the door of the room was opened and Theodosia entered, followed by Mr. Robert Roland Bates.

"Father," said she, "this is a cousin of ours. He wants to talk over the family with you. You will find that he is our fourth cousin. Mother, this is Mr. Bates of Seattle."

Thus at one and the same moment was Mrs. Bates outwitted on all sides.

Three months later Dosia went to Seattle to live. Her father had the intense pleasure of purchasing another cuckoo clock and giving it to his daughter as a wedding-gift, for she declared that if it had not been for his, Bob would not have been admitted that evening, and therefore she must have one like it.

As for Mr. Bates's own clock, it retained its rightful position upon the wall, and was never again relegated to the closet. Self-sacrificing though he was in all other matters, in this Mr. Bates held his own, and his wife discovered, to her surprise, that in two cases of extreme importance in the history of the family her word was not absolute law.